



Pregnant



👁 113 ✓ 13 ★ 13

Chapter 1 by Abigail Holland

I take a deep breath, eyes closed. I lift up the white stick that will determine my future. On the count of three, I will open my eyes.

One.

Two.

...

Oh my god. The stick now has two red streaks across it.

"I-I'm pregnant"

Chapter 2 by Debonaircorsiar



I got up and left the bathroom, picking up my phone. I stared at his number in silence thinking of how I should tell him. I sighed and stood up, calling my mother instead.

I grabbed my hoodie and car keys as the phone started ringing.

She picked up as I was half way from my apartment from my car

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"Mackenzie? what is it, its 4 in the morning, she said in that awake voice,

"Mom, you home? we really need to talk, its 4 in the morning, its over now!"

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"Whats so important that your willing to drive over at 4 in the freaking morning."

"I'll... I'll tell you when I get there."

Chapter 3 by Geneva Collins



I pulled up in front of the house at 4:23. I didn't get out until 4:29. My stomach was in knots as I walked up the driveway and to the front door. I saw a lamp on in the living room, a sign that my mom was awake and waiting.

I stood another minute on the doorstep before gently knocking on the heavy red door. Almost immediately, my mom answered. She looked tired, but concerned. The first thing she did once she opened the door was to pull me in for a hug. I breathed in her familiar scent of warm vanilla sugar.

Without a word, we walked into the living room and sat down on the floral-printed sofa. I looked her in the eyes, but I just didn't know what to say. She raised me, she taught me right from wrong, and I threw it all away. I look down at my stomach for just a moment, but when our eyes meet again, there are tears in them. She knows. She probably knew the minute I called her. I just nod as she pulls me close. I don't know how long we cried there for, but when I could breath without sobbing, I looked back at my mother.

Chapter 4 by Natalya Nugent



I woke the next morning on my mothers couch. My eyes heavy from a great deal of crying. I drag my hand the ought my messy hair and swing my legs around on the floor. My shoes are off and I have a ugly blanket draped around my shoulders. I can smell coffee making in the kitchen. I force myself up and I shuffle into the kitchen. I could be 16 again the way my mother gives me a weak smile.

Chapter 5 by Bareea Tariq



Should I tell him or not? I'm not even sure if he's ready for it. I know I love him with all my heart, does he? What if he doesn't?

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